o. 28 JULY, 1938

NEW Adventure COMICS

10¢

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SWELEGANT
IS THE WORD FOR IT!

A BRAND-NEW COMIC MAGAZINE FILLED WITH BRAND-NEW FEATURES BY YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS

10c AT ALL NEWS STANDS

NEW ADVENTURE COMICS

The International Picture Story Magazine

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

NEW ADVENTURE COMICS, published monthly by Detect-ive Comics, Inc., 420 Chestnut St. and Olive Sts. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., Editorial Offices, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post Office, St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues by mail in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain, $1.50. Copyright 1938 by Detective Comics, Inc. Publication rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced, in whole or in part, without permission. Copyright for contents of all paid advertising rates, address:

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ANCHORS AWEIGH!

BY FRED GUARDINEER

THE LIVES OF MILLIONS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE DEPEND UPON THE SUCCESS OF LIEUT-COMMANDER DON KERRY AND HIS PAL "RED" MURPHY IN TRACKING DOWN THE MYSTERIOUS EL DIABLO WHOSE RUTHLESS AND BLOODY SCHEMES WOULD PLUNGE AN ENTIRE CONTINENT INTO WAR!

SLEEK GREYHOUNDS OF THE SEA! THEY TELL OF THE MIGHT AND SECURITY OF THE UNITED STATES AS THEY SAIL TO SOUTH AMERICA.

ON DECK THE CREW IS DRAWN UP TO BE INSPECTED BY ADMIRAL ALLEN AS THE FLEET NEARS PORT.

MEN, OUR MISSION IS TO INSURE PEACE; YOUR ACTIONS IN PORT WILL DETERMINE THE FEELING OF THESE PEOPLE TO THE NAVY. AT ALL TIMES YOU WILL CONDUCT YOURSELVES AS GENTLEMEN AND SAILORS.

HEAR THAT, DON—SHORE LEAVE!

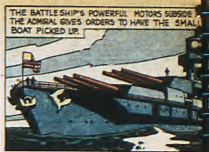
SUITS ME, RED. I THINK I'LL ENJOY RIO!

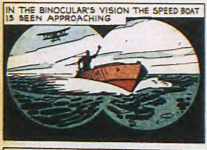
THE ADMIRAL'S COMPLIMENTS, SIR—HE WANTS YOU IN HIS QUARTERS AT ONCE!

KERRY, AS A REWARD FOR YOUR FAME I'VE DECIDED TO LET YOU LEAD THE PARADE WHEN WE REACH PORT. THINK YOU CAN DO IT?

YES, ADMIRAL ALLEN. I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!

SIR, A SMALL CRAFT HAS BEEN SIGHTED OFF THE PORT BOW / ONE MAN ABOARD AND HE'S SIGNALING


THE BATTLESHIP'S POWERFUL MOTORS SUBSIDE. THE ADMIRAL GIVES ORDERS TO HAVE THE SMALL BOAT PICKED UP.


IN THE BINOCULAR'S VISION THE SPEED BOAT IS SEEN APPROACHING

LOOK AT THAT PLANE, IT/ HAS NO INSIGNIA AND IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THAT BOAT!

THE STRANGE SHIP SWOOPS DOWN-ITS SOMBER BLACK WINGS BEARING NO CLUE TO ITS ORIGIN.

COMMANDER KERRY, PREPARE TO TAKE OFF AT ONCE! THAT PLANE IS ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE WITH A MACHINE GUN— BRING THAT SHIP DOWN!

SEATED IN THEIR PLANE, DON AND RED ARE SWIFTLY CATAPULTED INTO THE AIR!

BANK, RED, AND MAKE EIGHT THOUSAND FEET. I WANT TO COME DOWN IN A POWER DIVE.

MEANWHILE THE MYSTERIOUS PLANE ATTACKED THE SPEEDBOAT WITH A HAIL OF TRACER BULLETS!
OKAY, RED — DIVE! WE'LL GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!
DON SENDS A STREAM OF BULLETS AT THE BLACK SHIP —
DON! DON! ON OUR LEFT — ANOTHER BLACK PLANE!
THE SECOND MYSTERY PLANE ANNOUNCES ITS PRESENCE WITH A BURST OF LEADEN DEATH—
AND DON'S SHIP DIVES CRAZILY TO THE SEA!
THE FEED LINE HAS BEEN SEVERED!
WE MADE IT, RED — BEAT IT BEFORE HE GETS ANOTHER SHOT AT US!
HERE HE COMES — DUCK!

LOOK AT 'EM SHOOTING UP OUR PLANE!

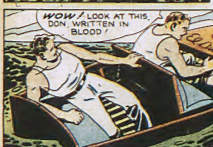
HAVING TEMPORARILY RID THEMSELVES OF DON, THE BLACK WINGED PLANES RETURN TO THE SMALL BOAT

OH-H-H! THEY GOT ME - I'M DONE FOR!

AMID THE THUNDER OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS THE MYSTERIOUS PLANES ARE FINALLY DRIVEN OFF BY THE BATTLESHIP

CLEAVING THE WATER WITH POWERFUL STROKES, DON AND RED MAKE FOR THE DRIFTING SPEEDBOAT.

HOLY SOCKS! IS HE -IS HE DEAD?
MURDERED!
El Diablo

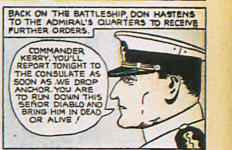

WOW! LOOK AT THIS, DON, WRITTEN IN BLOOD!
El Diablo

EL DIABLO — THE DEVIL, RED. HE'S AT IT AGAIN. THIS IS THE WORK OF SEÑOR DIABLO. THOSE WERE HIS MEN IN THE PLANES!

WHO'S EL DIABLO ?
MOST DANGEROUS MAN ON THE CONTINENT- HE STARTS REVOLUTIONS AND BETRAYS ANYONE TO GAIN HIS OWN ENDS. THIS POOR CHAP EVIDENTLY DIED TRYING TO WARN US ABOUT SOMETHING!

A LAUNCH SPEEDS OVER FROM THE BATTLESHIP
AHOY, COMMANDER! / ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
STILL WHOLE - COME ALONGSIDE!

IT'S MARVIN / HE WAS AN INVESTIGATOR FOR THE CONSULATE IN RIO - WONDER WHAT THIS MEANS, COMMANDER?


BACK ON THE BATTLESHIP, DON HASTENS TO THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS TO RECEIVE FURTHER ORDERS.
COMMANDER KERRY, YOU'LL REPORT TONIKGHT TO THE CONSULATE AS SOON AS WE DROP ANCHOR. YOU ARE TO RUN DOWN THIS SEÑOR DIABLO AND BRING HIM IN DEAD OR ALIVE!

GET YOUR GUN, RED, WE'RE GOING AFTER SEÑOR DIABLO AND BRING HIM BACK HORIZONTAL OR VERTICAL!
AW-RATS! AFTER I HAD THINGS ALL SET WITH A LITTLE SEÑORITA IN RIO!

A LAUNCH TAKES DON AND RED ASHORE WHERE MILITARY ATTACHÉS ARE WAITING.

HIS AMIGOS, WE HAVE A CAR READY TO TRANSPORT YOU WHEREVER YOU WISH!
GRACIAS, WE'D LIKE TO GO TO THE CONSULATE AS FAST AS WE CAN.

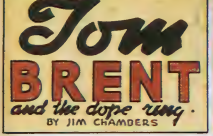
THE BIG CAR GETS AWAY WITH SIRENS SCREECHING!

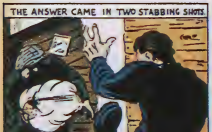
SAY, RED, NOTICE ANY-THING WRONG? I THINK THESE MEN ARE FAKES!
HOLY SOCKS! THERE ARE NO DOOR HANDLES! HOW DO WE GET OUT?
FOOLS! YOU THINK SEÑOR DIABLO FORGETS HIS ENEMIE HIS RECEPTION— DEATH!!
THIS CAR IS BULLET PROOFED. WE CAN'T SMASH THE WINDOWS OR THE GLASS PARTITION— CARBON MONOXIDE IS BEING FORCED IN— WE'RE TRAPPED!! —BUT WAIT!
DON'S KNEE PUSHED AGAINST THE DOOR AND IT GAVE A LITTLE!
I THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS WRONG BEFORE WE GOT IN— I HELD MY HANDKERCHIEF SO THE LOCK WOULDN'T SLIP INTO PLACE
DON THROWS OPEN THE DOOR AND JUMPS TO THE RUNNING BOARD!
STOP THE CAR— OR I'LL PUT BULLETS IN BOTH OF YOU!
SI, SI! DON'T SHOOT!
C'MON, WE'RE CHANGING PLACES. I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL, RED— THIS TIME WE'RE REALLY GOING TO THE CONSULATE!
WE'LL HAVE TO TURN OFF THE MONOXIDE SO WE CAN TAKE THESE RATS BACK ALIVE!
WELL, I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY SENT A BULLET PROOFED CAR FOR US AND DON'T PUT HANDLES INSIDE THE TONNEAU!
HOW'D YOU EVER GUESS THESE MUGS WERE IMPOSTERS?
TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE
FRED GUARDINO '38

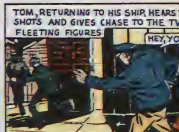
SAM
THE
PORTER
BY AGH.
GIT 'EM THERE— AND THANKS VERY MUCH!
SET IT THERE! THANKS!
DROP 'EM HERE! THANKS!!
AH TOOK YO' GRIPS TO DE LOBBY—
—AN' YO' TRUNKS TO DE STO'ROOM AN' I SENT DE TELEGRAM AN' ORDERED YO' TICKETS.!
FINE! FINE! THANKES VERY MUCH!!
SAM, WHAT DAY IS THIS?
JULY 4
THANKSGIVIN' DAY!!

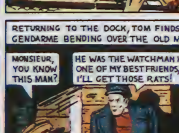
Tom BRENT and the dope ring

BY JIM CHAMBERS

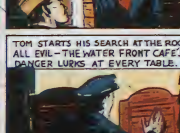

NIGHT ON A DOCK IN THE BUSY PORT OF MARSEILLES. THE DOCK WATCHMAN IS MAKING HIS ROUNDS DISCOVERS TWO MEN WORKING ON ONE OF THE CRATES —
WHOSE THERE?






RETURNING TO THE DOCK, TOM FINDS A GENDARME BENDING OVER THE OLD MAN
MONSIEUR, YOU KNOW THIS MAN?
HE WAS THE WATCHMAN HERE, ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS, TOO — I'LL GET THOSE RATS!

DON'T BE TOO HASTY, MONSIEUR. I HAVE AN IDEA THIS IS THE WORK OF SOME GANG /
I GOT A FAIRLY GOOD LOOK AT THOSE MEN AND I THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE DETECTIVE WORK ON MY OWN

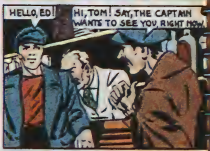


TOM SIPS HIS COFFEE AND CONTINUES HIS SEARCH NOT KNOWING HIS EVERY MOVE IS BEING WATCHED!
'ATS HIM, LOU IF HE SPOTS US WE'RE SUNK
LET'S SCRAM THEN -
FINDING NO TRACE OF THE KILLERS, TOM RETURNS TO HIS SHIP TO PLAN HIS NEXT MOVE ON THE WAY HOWEVER -
TOM IS DRAGGED INTO AN ALLEY AND A NOTE PINNED TO HIS CHEST
WHAT'S THIS— "LAY OFF OR YOU'LL GET YOURS TOO"
TOM, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SAIL FOR A FEW DAYS. THE POLICE ARE SEARCHING THE CARGO FOR SMUGGLED DOPE. I HEARD ABOUT LAST NIGHT'S AFFAIR—THERE MAY BE SOME CONNECTION— SO BE CAREFUL, BOY.
TOM GOES TO HIS CABIN AND FINDS ONE OF THE CREW PROWLING ABOUT
SLADE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? GET OUT!
I-I WAS JUST CLEANING UP A BIT, SIR.
HM, I WONDER WHAT HE WAS UP TO. MIGHTY FUNNY THINGS GOING ON. WELL I'D BETTER TURN IN FOR AWHILE/

WHILE IN A BACK ROOM OF A CAFE A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE DOCK—
YOU BLUNDERING FOOLS! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO CROAK THE OLD MAN?
BUT BOSS WE——

SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME. WE'LL PLUG THIS BRENT GUY IF HE KEEPS ON STICKIN' HIS CHIN OUT TONIGHT I WANT YOU GUYS TO GET THE REST OF THAT DUST ON BOARD!
O.K. BOSS!

SAY BOSS, BRENT'S OUT THERE NOW!
WELL GET OUT THE BACK WAY!


HELLO, ED!
HI, TOM! SAY, THE CAPTAIN WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT NOW!

COME IN, BRENT, THIS IS CAPTAIN DEVERE OF THE SURETE DE POLICE. HE WANTS TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, MONSIEUR?
WHAT IS IT!

MORPHINE! WE FOUND SEVEN PACKETS OF IT IN A DRAWER IN YOUR CABIN.
8.

YOU DON'T THINK I—— BUT CAPTAIN, TELL HIM—— I KNOW IT'S A PLANT TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY! JUST WAIT'LL I GET THOSE RATS.

PARDON, MONSIEUR BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS
BUT YOU CAN'T DO THAT, I'M ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE KILLERS. I HAVE AN IDEA I'LL GET THE WHOLE GANG WHEN I GET THEM.
HOWEVER THE OFFICER DOESN'T SEE IT TOM'S WAY AND IS TAKING HIM OFF THE SHIP WHEN— —
SORRY, OLD MAN.
TOM RETURNS TO THE TAVERN WHERE HE IS SURE THE KILLERS WILL SHOW UP SOONER OR LATER.
HELLO BRENT. I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW ME. WE MET A FEW YEARS AGO IN PARIS, REMEMBER?
NO, I CAN'T SAY I DO.
WELL, I OWN THIS PLACE HERE AND I KNOW A FEW THINGS—FOR INSTANCE. I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT MIXUP DOWN AT THE DOCK AND THAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR THE KILLERS. I ALSO KNOW THAT THE COPS ARE LOOKING FOR YOU!
SAY, YOU GET AROUND, DON'T YOU?
WELL NEVER MIND THAT—A COP JUST CAME IN. WE'D BETTER GO IN MY OFFICE.
NICE WORK, BOYS. NOW PUT HIM AWAY SO HE CAN BE QUIET.
4

WH-WHERE AM I?
SIT TIGHT, BUDDY, THE BOSS WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.
BRENT, YOUR SHIP IS LEAVING TOMORROW —BUT YOU'RE NOT YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, HOWEVER THERE IS ONE THING I WANT —THE KEY TO THE CARGO!
SURE HERE IT IS.
THAT'S THE IDEA, BRENT. YOU PLAY ALONG WITH ME AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET HURT BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE MY GUEST 'TIL THE SHIP LEAVES. I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES.
TOM FINDS A TOY SOLDIER ON THE FLOOR AND AFTER STUDYING IT A MOMENT HE SHOVES IT IN HIS POCKET.
TOM PRETENDS TO SLEEP UNTIL HE NOTICES THE GUARD RELAXING AND THEN—
WITH THE GUARD'S GUN IN HIS HAND, TOM STEALS SOFTLY UP THE DARK STAIRS TOWARDS A LIGHTED DOORWAY.
TOM BURSTS THRU THE DOOR AND SURPRISES TWO MEN WHO DRAW THEIR GUNS AND OPEN FIRE
IT'S HIM, JOE
LET HIM HAVE IT!
5.

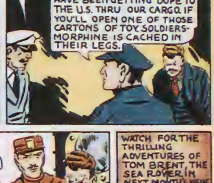
TOM BREAKS THE LAMP WITH ONE SHOT AND THROWS THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS.

HE CRAWLS ACROSS THE FLOOR TOWARDS THE DOOR, FIRING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TWO MEN
HE GOT ME, JOE!

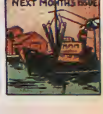
TOM GOES BACK TO THE SHIP SLIPPING PAST THE POLICE GUARD.

JUST IN TIME EH, MORELL!
WHY YOU—

THE GUN SHOT BRINGS THE GENDARMES AND THE CAPTAIN.
WHAT'S GOING—BRENT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WE'RE'S YOUR KILLER AND SMUGGLER, CAPTAIN!


WHAT!
YES SIR, MORELL AND HIS GANG HAVE BEEN GETTING DOPE TO THE U.S. THRU OUR CARGO. IF YOU'LL OPEN ONE OF THOSE CARTONS OF TOY SOLDIERS—MORPHINE IS CACHED IN THEIR LEGS.

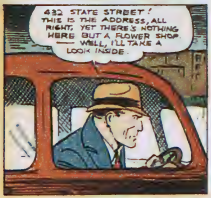
SORRY TO BE SO ROUGH ON YOU CAPTAIN DEVERE, BUT I HAD TO BREAK THIS CASE ALONE. YOU'LL FIND THE REST OF THE MEN IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE CAFE' BLEU. ALSO LADE HERE WAS ACTING AS A GO-BETWEEN.
NICE WORK, BRENT. THERE'S A REWARD FOR THESE MEN TOO.


WATCH FOR THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF TOM BRENT, THE SEA ROVER, IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

WHAT HAS OCCURRED BEFORE:

WHEN BANKER BURNS IS KIDNAPPED BY "THE COBRA", AND HELD FOR $150,000 RANSOM, STEVE CARSON, ACE FEDERAL MAN, IS CALLED INTO THE CASE!

UPON LEARNING WHERE MRS. BURNS HAS GONE WITH THE RANSOM MONEY, STEVE HURRIES TO THE ADDRESS, UNAWARE THAT "THE COBRA" HAS BEEN TIPPED OFF TO HIS PENDING ARRIVAL!



PUSHING BACK THE CARPET, STEVE DISCOVERS —
A TRAPDOOR!
THIS MAY NOT BE A RUM STEER, AFTER ALL!
NO SOONER DOES CARSON COMMENCE TO DESCEND THE STAIRS, WHEN THE TRAPDOOR ABOVE HIM IS LOCKED BY THE SHOP'S PROPRIETOR
NEATLY TRAPPED!
YOUR FRIEND, THE G-MAN, APPROACHES YOU NOW, CARSON! IN JUST A MOMENT HE'LL RECEIVE A LITTLE SURPRISE!
THERE'S AN IRON DOOR AHEAD! — THE QUESTION IS, WHAT LIES BEYOND?
BUT THE INSTANT STEVE TOUCHES THE DOOR, HE IS STRICKEN BY A POWERFUL BOLT OF ELECTRICITY!

THE IRON DOOR SWINGS OPEN . . . THEN ROUGH HANDS LIFT THE UNCONSCIOUS FEDERAL MAN . . .
WHEN STEVE REVIVES . . .
W-WHERE AM I ?
AT MY MERCY! — AS ARE THE BURNS! — DON'T MOVE OR MY LITTLE PET SHALL FEAST!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM ?
THAT, YOU SHALL SEE FOR YOURSELF
CARSON IS LOCKED IN A ROOM WITH THE BURNS!
YOU CAPTURED, TOO!
THE DOOR . . . IT'S BEGINNING TO OPEN
BACK!
THE DOOR SLOWLY GLIDES OPEN . . . IN CRAWLS! THE COBRA . . . DEADLY . . . THE CRUELEST REPTILE ALIVE . . .

ARMED WITH ONLY A TWISTED TIE, STEVE LEAPS TO MEET THEIR INHUMAN ATTACKER...
29

...AND AFTER A FRANTIC STRUGGLE SUCCEEDS IN STRANGLING IT!
30

NOW TO ATTEND TO A HUMAN SNAKE!
THE COBRA ENTERS THE ROOM TO SURVEY HIS PET'S HANDIWORK...
31

...AND RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED GREETING!
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN, PLEASE!
32

APPROPRIATING THE COBRA'S WEAPON, STEVE CAPTURES HIS MINIONS!
RAISE THOSE HANDS!
THE FED!

LATER — AT HEADQUARTERS
SPLENDID WORK, STEVE! THE ENTIRE MONAP GANG IS BEHIND THE BARS ... THANKS TO YOU!
AND THEY'LL REMAIN THERE TO THE END OF THEIR LIVES TO PROVE THE TRUTH THAT: CRIME DOESN'T PAY!
THE END

JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

JUST one year ago, in the June, 1937 issue of New Adventure Comics, we sent out our first call for alert young Americans to join the ranks of our JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. And since that time the response has been so great and eager that I am truly grateful and happy.

Already we have enlisted well over 10,000 SPECIAL OPERATORS and so many applications come in every day that we are working overtime here at Headquarters in order to get equipment out to our applicants on time. But we are only too glad to be kept in a constant rush of activity when it means that more and more courageous youngsters are hurrying to pledge themselves to the support of the ideal of law-enforcement in our country.

We have received numerous letters from our newly enlisted SPECIAL OPERATORS. A good number of them have asked us to suggest some practical methods by which JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN can give assistance to the police and law protecting bodies in their communities. So we are going to devote a little space right now to make a few suggestions along these lines.

Time and again in previous CLUB pages we have stressed the importance of *observation* by JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN. We emphasize this because it is largely by keeping his eyes and ears open that a SPECIAL OPERATOR will be able to give assistance to the law-enforcing bodies. A great deal of crime is committed because it is really impossible to have enough police everywhere when they are needed.

So JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN can perform a vital and important service to their communities by keeping a close watch on the activities in their own neighborhoods. Of course the JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN haven't the actual power to arrest malefactors. But, if he should discover some wrong-doer in the act of committing a crime, he can prove his value to the community by getting in touch with the police immediately.

THEN, too, we suggest that SPECIAL OPERATORS make daily patrols through their neighborhoods. It would be a worthwhile idea to draw a map of the territory immediately surrounding your Headquarters. This should show all the houses, streets, driveways and empty lots in the district. It should also point out the location of the nearest police station. If you have organized a JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB, instruct each of your men to patrol a part of the district. Before breaking up for the day, call a meeting and ask each member to make a detailed report of his observations.

Remember, however, that the most important part of our program at present is the matter of physical and mental training. Exercise vigorously and often to build up strong muscles and a source of physical endurance. Test yourself often for your powers of alertness and observation. After all, we are not called upon to prove our worth every day, but we must train ourselves so that when the emergency arrives, we will be equal to it.

Now just a word of caution to those prospective members: When you send your applications in be sure to print names and addresses very distinctly. We have come across several cases where we have been unable to send equipment to boys who wrote in, because we have not been able to read their writing. So be sure this doesn't happen to you.

Yours for Law and Order,

Steve Carson.

Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Steve Carson,
J. F. M. C. Headquarters,
480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

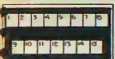
Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City and State .....

PUZZLE TEASERS

BY WALTER WELLMAN

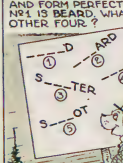


5-6-7-11-8

PRINT THE NAMES OF THE OBJECTS IN THE LITTLE SQUARES ABOVE—AS NUMBERED. IF YOU DO THIS CORRECTLY, YOU WILL HAVE THE NAMES OF A GIRL AND A BOY.

MISSING ANIMALS

PRINT AN ANIMAL NAME IN EACH SPACE WHERE LETTERS ARE MISSING AND FORM PERFECT WORDS. NO. 1 IS BEARD. WHAT ARE THE OTHER FOUR?



SEE IF YOU CAN FIT ALL THE GIRL NAMES IN THE SPACES—AND HAVE THEM LOCK TOGETHER. BOTH READING ACROSS AND DOWN—RUTH, EVELYN, BERTHA, CLARA, MINNIE, ANN, MARY, GRACE, IRENE, BEATRICE, DOROTHEA AND HELEN.

HOLD	OLD	
AVER	VER	
2 IDS	IDS	
EATS	ATS	

OLD		
VER		
IDS		
ATS		

SEE IF YOU CAN PRINT THE NAMES OF TWO OTHER WELL KNOWN ANIMALS IN THE OTHER FORMS—AND ALSO MAKE PERFECT WORDS ACROSS.

ENTER MAZE HERE—AND TRACE A PATH WITH A COLORED PENCIL UNTIL YOU COME OUT WHERE YOU STARTED. YOU'LL HAVE DRAWN A SWAN

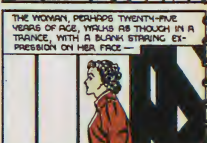
OPA		
PAL		
ALS		

	RIA	
	IPS	
	AOH	

PRINT THE NAME OF A SPOTTED ANIMAL IN BOTH OF THE VACANT COLUMNS—AND HAVE PERFECT WORDS READING BOTH ACROSS AND DOWNWARD. WHAT ANIMAL IS IT?

NADIR
MASTER OF MAGIC
by Will Ely

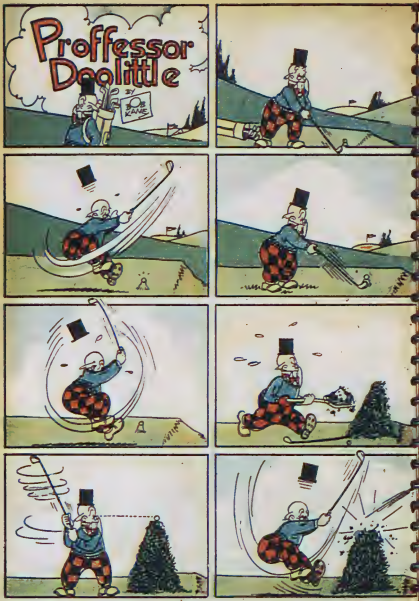
NADIR HAS BEEN OUT FOR A BIT OF AIR AND IS STROLLING ACROSS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE WHEN THIS LOVELY VISION MEETS HIS EYE———



WHAT ARE YOU DOING / COME DOWN FROM THERE /
OH --- WHO ARE YOU --
THAT'S UNIMPORTANT- BUT YOU- YOU'RE FAR TOO LOVELY TO BE TAKING TO TAKE YOUR LIFE -
TAKE MY LIFE --- ! MUST -- ! MUST-IN THE WATER OF THE RIVER -- --
THIS GIRLS BEEN HYPNOTIZED -- COME NOW / TELL ME WHERE YOU LIVE - LET ME TAKE YOU HOME --
HOME ? I CAN'T REMEMBER - I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING --
NADIR BRINGS THE GIRL TO HIS APARTMENT AND SUMMONS HIS ASSISTANT ABDOT --
ABDOT- KEEP YOUR EYE ON HER WHILE I MIX A POTION BRING HER OUT OF THIS TRANCE --
HERE- DRINK THIS --
NOW- WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS ?
I'M MARION CRAVER I'M AN ACTRESS, BUT WHAT AM I DOING HERE, AND WHO ARE YOU --
I FOUND YOU TAKING TO COMMIT SUICIDE AND BROUGHT YOU HERE --
IT'S ALL A BLANK - AN INTERLUDE - THE LAST I REMEMBER IS LEAVING FOR HOME AFTER THE PERFORMANCE --
YOU WERE HYPNOTIZED- CAN YOU EXPLAIN HOW THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED ?
NO, IT'S ALL SO FANTASTIC-OH I'M SO TIRED PLEASE TAKE ME HOME --

THAT'S THE AFTER EFFECT OF THE DRUG I GAVE YOU, BUT COME - I'LL GET MY CAR—
THE FOLLOWING EVENING NADIA ATTENDS THE PERFORMANCE OF "DARKEST DAWN" IN WHICH MARION CARVER IS THE LEAD—
DARKES DAWN
IN MARION'S DRESSING ROOM—
WHAT EXQUISITE FLOWERS - I WONDER WHO SENT THEM ?
WHY THEY'RE FROM THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER THAT SAVED MY LIFE—
AFTER LAST CURTAIN NADIA MAKES HIS WAY TO MARION'S DRESSING ROOM
WHY, NADIA - THIS IS A SURPRISE. YOUR FLOWERS WERE LOVELY—
MY DEAR, YOUR ACTING IS SUPERB - YOU ALMOST HAD ME IN TEARS - I HAD NO IDEA THE PLAY WAS SUCH A TRAGEDY—
OH, NADIA - I WANT YOU TO MEET MR. LYNN, THE PRODUCER.
A FINE PLAY YOU HAVE HERE, SIR—
THANK YOU - MISS CARVER, I MUST SEE YOU—
3
HMM - ODD MY RING BOTHERED IN HIS PRESENCE - UGLY LOOKING CUSS - HE'LL BEAR WATCHING—

SO SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, NADIR—
I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD JOIN ME AT SUPPER, MISS CARVER—
ODD LOOKING PERSON THIS LYNN—
THAT'S A TRAGEDY IN ITSELF—HE ONCE WAS A VERY HANDSOME MAN—BUT HE WAS INJURED IN A TRAIN WRECK
HE SEEMS TO BE GREATLY INTERESTED IN YOU—
I'M AFRAID THAT'S TRUE—I WENT WITH HIM BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT—
THERE'S SOMETHING UNNATURAL ABOUT THE MAN—I COULDN'T STAND HIM, SO I REFUSED TO SEE HIM—HE'S BEEN MOST AGGRAVATING EVER SINCE—
I SUPPOSE HE FEELS HANDICAPPED BY HIS LOOKS—
YES—BUT IT'S HIS CHARACTER I CANNOT TOLERATE—
MISS CARVER, THIS HAS BEEN A MOST DELIGHTFUL EVENING—
THANK YOU SO MUCH, NADIR—
NADIR RETURNS HOME AND GOES TO HIS SANCTUM TO CONSULT HIS CRYSTAL—
AH—THE MYSTERIOUS MR. LYNN———
TO BE CONTINUED—


Proffessor Doolittle
BY
OLIVE KANE

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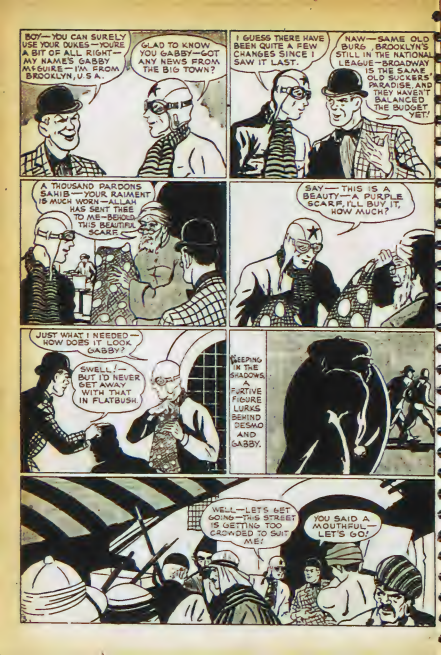
18

CAPTAIN
DESMO
IN INDIA
IN SEARCH OF NEW ADVENTURE WE FIND CAPTAIN DESMO NONCHALANTLY STROLLING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA, INDIA.
BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET!—BEHOLD! A WEALTHY INFIDEL, HIS HEART SHALL BE HOST TO MY DAGGER.
BOY-OH-BOY! ALI BABA'S FORTY THIEVES!
ALLAH IS GOOD TO US.
A TOURIST IS ACCOSTED BY A BAND OF THIEVES.
LOOKS LIKE THOSE BOYS ARE ABOUT TO COMMIT MAYHEM— I'LL PUT AN END TO THAT.
DESMOS CURIOSITY IS ARDOUSED BY THE COMMOTION.
OH-OH— A TOAD STICKER.
A NATIVE, KNIFE IN HAND, RUSHES TOWARD THE TOURIST.
OH, NO YOU DON'T! NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!
BANG!
LIKE A FLASH!— DESMO FIRES FROM HIS HIP.--------

THE BULLET FROM DESMO'S GUN SHATTERS THE NATIVE'S KNIFE.
AWE STRICKEN—THE THIEVES GAZE TOWARD DESMO.
WELL FELLER---- WE'RE IN THE THICK OF IT NOW—STICK CLOSE!
NEVER LET IT BE SAID—THAT GABBY McGUIRE DESERTS HIS PALS IN TIMES OF PERIL!
YOU TAKE THE LOW ONES GABBY I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ONES!
AND---- BINGO!
SOME TIME LATER... DESMO AND GABBY HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.
WELL—IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FINALLY SUBDUED THE VERMIN, NOW WHAT!?
WE CERTAINLY DID, DIDN'T WE—BOY! WHAT A SCRAP— THAT'LL TEACH THOSE MUGS NOT TO BOTHER GABBY McGUIRE!


BOY—YOU CAN SURELY USE YOUR DUKES—YOU'RE A BIT OF ALL RIGHT—MY NAME'S GABBY MCSURE—I'M FROM BROOKLYN, U.S.A.
GLAD TO KNOW YOU GABBY—GOT ANY NEWS FROM THE BIG TOWN?
I GUESS THERE HAVE BEEN QUITE A FEW CHANGES SINCE I SAW IT LAST.
NAW—SAME OLD BURG, BROOKLYN'S STILL IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE—BROADWAY IS THE SAME OLD SUCKERS' PARADISE, AND THEY HAVEN'T BALANCED THE BUDGET YET!
A THOUSAND PARDONS SAHIB—YOUR RAIMENT IS MUCH WORN—ALLAH HAS SENT THEE TO ME—BEHOLD THIS BEAUTIFUL SCARF—
SAY—THIS IS A BEAUT—A PURPLE SCARF, I'LL BUY IT. HOW MUCH?
JUST WHAT I NEEDED—HOW DOES IT LOOK, GABBY?
SWELL—BUT I'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH THAT IN FLATBUSH.
KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS, A FURTIVE FIGURE LURKS BEHIND DESMO AND GABBY.
WELL—LET'S GET GOING—THIS STREET IS GETTING TOO CROWDED TO SUIT ME!
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL—LET'S GO!

BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT COULD I LOOK AT THAT SCARF YOU'RE WEARING?
?
BY HEAVENS! IT IS—IT'S HERS! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS—WHERE IS SHE? ANSWER ME, QUICK, MAN!
WAIT A MINUTE, OLD FELLOW—EXPLAIN YOURSELF!
MY NAME IS ROBERT EGAN, THAT SCARF BELONGS TO MY DAUGHTER—SHE DISAPPEARED A WEEK AGO—I AM SEARCHING FOR HER—SHE WORE THAT SCARF WHEN I SAW HER LAST!
WELL—THAT'S DIFFERENT—MY NAME IS DESMO, I AM AT YOUR SERVICE. MAY I ASSIST YOU?
THANK YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS,—IT IS A VERY TRYING SITUATION!
HAVE COURAGE MR. EGAN. I'LL FIND YOUR DAUGHTER AND DELIVER THIS SCARF TO HER PERSONALLY—GABBY—LET'S SEARCH FOR THAT PEDDLER WHO SOLD ME THIS SCARF—HE SHOULD KNOW QUITE A BIT.
WAIT A MINUTE—GABBY—THERE HE IS!
YEAH—THAT'S THE BLOKE.
DESMO AND GABBY APPROACH THE PEDDLER, HE BREAKS INTO A RUN. THEY GIVE CHASE.
AFTER HIM, GABBY! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY—NOW, I'M SURE HE CAN GIVE US INFORMATION.
O.K. CAP—GOLLY HE'S RUNNING LIKE A SCARED RABBIT, BUT HE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM GABBY McGUIRE, LET'S GO!

THERE HE GOES—LET'S GET HIM!
YEAH—HE'S DUCKING INTO AN ALLY.
WHOA!—WELL—POOR DEVIL, SOME ONE GOT HIM—HE WON'T TALK ANYMORE!
WOTTA BREAK! WOTTA BREAK! AND I ALMOST HAD HIM!
POOR GUY, I BET HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM—SOME MESS.
WHAT'S THIS, A SANDAL! IT MUST BELONG TO THE MURDERER, HE CERTAINLY LEFT IN A HURRY.
HMM—INTERESTING—THIS MAY LEAD US TO THE VERY THING WE'RE SEARCHING FOR!
WHO—THE DAME? OH BOY, LET'S GO—WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
COME ON, GABBY—I KNOW A FELLOW IN THIS TOWN WHO WILL MAKE THIS SANDAL REVEAL PLENTY.
DESMO EXAMINES THE PEDDLER'S BODY AND COMES UPON AN IMPORTANT CLUE.
DESMO AND GABBY ARRIVE AT THE HOME OF A HINDU MYSTIC.
GREETINGS—SEYAH AGREAB—PLEASE REVEAL THIS SANDAL'S HISTORY TO ME...
WELCOME, SAHIB CAPTAIN—YOU HONOR ME—AH—THIS SANDAL HAS MUCH TO TELL.
THE MAN, WHO WORE THIS, IS TALL, CAPTAIN, AND VERY MUSCULAR—BUT, THERE IS ONE DEFECT!
VERY INTERESTING!

HE LIMPS ON HIS RIGHT FOOT—THE ROUGHNESS OF THE SOLE TELLS US MUCH—HE IS NOT A NATIVE OF THIS CITY—THE OWNER LIVES IN THE HILLS—AH-YES, THE EARTH ON THIS SANDAL TELLS ME HE COMES FROM THE NORTH—A ROBBER, SHEIK EL BEN NASAR, DWELLS THERE—BUT BEWARE—HE WHO TREADS IN THOSE HILLS, TREADETH NO MORE!
GOOD-BY CAPTAIN—AND MAY ALLAH BE WITH YOU!
THANK YOU—YOUR WORDS OF WISDOM WILL NOT GO UNHEEDED!
WELL—AT LAST WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE.
BOY—I'D HATE TO HAVE THAT GUY READING MY SHOE.
IT'S GETTING KIND OF LATE—WHAT SAY GABBY—LET'S FIND A PLACE TO SLEEP.
O.K. CAP—I KNOW A SWELL PLACE—COME ON, BUNK WITH ME
THIS IS THE PLACE—LET'S GO IN.
QUITE A FINE HOTEL FOR THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY.
SOON THE INFIDELS SHALL SLEEP THEN THE TIME IS RIPE TO STRIKE!
A SINISTER FIGURE APPEARS AT THE WINDOW
AH—THE TIME HAS COME.
TO BE CONTINUED

ANDY HANDY
NOT HE THE ONE, THOUGH ?
?...!
WHO IS?
YOU IS!!
STOP! YOU BOYS SHOULDN'T BE FIGHTIN-STOP IT!
MORTI-MORE!!
HEY!!
YA'LL HIT MY LI'L BROTHER WILL YA?
HERE, YOU!
LEGGO O' ME, I SAY-LEGGO! MA!!
YA!
WAH
HE-HE DINCHED ME, MA!
WHAT'S TH' MEANIN' O' THIS?
MA!
-BUT, LADY-S'HE WAS F-FIGHTIN'!
SHE WAS, HUH?
YES-SHE WAS, HUH!!
LOOK WOT'S COMIN'!
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE CARE O' THAT BRAT?
SAY- WHA' D'YA MEAN — BRAT?
COME ON, MORT!
I'LL GO AN'GIT PA!

LADIES-LADIES!!
WHY-YOU—!
YOU, TOO!
TH' IDEA!
BUTT-NIN IN!
LOOKIN' FR RIGHT IS HE?
THERE HE IS!
WHAT WERE YOU SAYIN' WHEN WE WUZ SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED?
TWENTY DOLLARS R THIRTY DAYS!
SEZ WHO?
COURT
LEO E. OMEALIA

RUNAWAY

By

Terry Keane

POP JOHNSON sat in the signal-house, carefully reading a detailed account of the happenings of yesterday's baseball game at the Yanker Stadium. A time-worn pipe, hanging from his thick tobacco-stained mustache, belched forth clouds of evil-smelling smoke that drifted lazily toward the ceiling.

An ardent and almost fanatic follower of Lou Gehrig and the other members of the Yanker nobort, Pop was quite annoyed than surprised this particular afternoon when he heard the approaching train rumbling down the tracks. He put the newspaper aside and scowled over the rims of his glasses at the brute time-piece on the wall. He looked at the clock, blinked his eyes and looked hard again.

"Jimmines! What train is this?" he cried, leaping to his feet and running over to the window. "Unless I'm seeing things, that clock says 2:40 and there ain't no train due till 3:00 sharp, and that's the fruit express coming from Smithville! This doesn't make sense, no sir!"

His eyes traveled down the tracks and in the distance he beheld the dark outline of the swiftly moving train. Swirling ribbons of blue-black smoke gushed from the stack, fitfully disintegrating in the windy wake; white puffs of steam issued rapidly from both sides and it seemed to Pop that the mighty engine panted from over-exertion.

The speed of the train was terrific and consternation was plainly etched on Pop's face. "Dang-bust it! There's something the matter with that train and I'm going to find out pretty soon what the trouble is!"

He pulled back one of the many long handled levers and a red arm of metal shot out above the tower, a signal for the engineer of the approaching train to halt. But it was evident that whoever was in the cabin of the engine either didn't see the warning or paid no attention to it at all.

Swerving from right to left, it raced with ever increasing speed down the glistening steel tracks. The thundering sound of the train frightened Pop and he gripped the window sill tensely, wondering what to do next.

Closer and closer it came and then, on a mighty gush of wind, it roared by the signal tower. Smoke and cinders filled the little room and beads of perspiration stood out on Pop's forehead. He turned and raced to the telephone on the desk. He put through a call to Joe Hawkins in Centerville, fifty miles distant, at the time.

"Hello, this you Joe?"

"Yeah . . . sounded a little weak. What's ailing you?"

"Plenty!" replied Pop. "The fruit express just went by here like a wild-cat . . . it's out of control . . . we've got to do something!"

Joe, on the other end, felt and sounded a bit weak himself. "Holy smokes, Pop, this is awful! That means it's almost thirty minutes ahead of schedule and gaining time all the while. The Limited has already left Midwest City and unless we can get the runaway fruit freight switched off on that siding before it reaches here within the next fifteen minutes, those two trains are going to run smack into each other!"

"We've got to think of something darn fast, Joe!" said Pop. And then it was that he got his inspirational idea.

HE hung up the receiver and then put through a fast call to the Centerville Airport. He asked to speak to Jimmy Browne and fervently prayed that Jimmy would take a chance and do what he was about to petition him. For the last few years he knew that Jimmy had been out in Hollywood as a "stunt" man, one of those fellows who took the place of the hero in the movies whenever the story called for the leading man to climb the side of a skyscraper or ride a horse off the top of a hundred foot cliff. And if anyone could accomplish the task Pop was certain that it was Jimmy.

"Hello, this you Jimmy?"

"Yeah, Pop. What's on your mind?" replied the red-headed Jimmy Browne.

"Everything!" the elderly man shouted. "One of the freight trains just whizzed by here like greased lightning . . . it's out of control . . . and unless we can stop it in the next fifteen minutes it'll collide with the Limited! I was wondering if you could help me out, Jimmy?"

"I'll do anything I possibly can for you, Pop!"

"That's swell," said Pop. "Now here's what I had in mind . . ."

Jimmy listened carefully, nodding his head from time to time, then placed the receiver on the hook. His mouth was set grimly as he hurried across the field to the hangar. Stubby Dugan, his lifelong friend, was standing by their red and yellow plane tinkering with one of the cylinders of the powerful motor.

"Shake a leg, Stubby!" said Jimmy. "You and I are going places!"

"Golly, that's great!" smiled Dugan. "When do we start?"

"Right away! *Pronto!*" replied Jimmy. "C'mon, let's get this crate out on the field. We're goin' to take off!"

They acted swiftly and rolled the sleek biplane from the hangar. Jimmy leaped into the cockpit and adjusted the controls, while his partner Stubby wound the spring to spin the propeller.

"All set?" asked Jimmy, as his friend climbed into the rear cockpit.

"Let 'er go, pal!" cried Stubby.

Jimmy released the spring and with a mighty roar the glistening blade of the propeller whirled in a blurred circle. The ignition was turned on and the cylinders began to click a rhythmic tune of power. With perfect timing, Jimmy opened the throttle and the plane zoomed across the field and lifted itself into the air.

He pointed the nose of the plane south and two minutes later they were flying over the railroad tracks. With the throttle opened wide, they followed the twin ribbons of steel until they finally saw a tiny wisp of smoke rising in the distance.

Even from where they were, Jimmy realized that the train was racing at an unbelievable rate of speed.

NOW they were directly over the runaway train. Jimmy swung the plane around and then went into a power dive. He straightened out when they were scarcely twenty-five feet above the swaying cars and, turning to Stubby, indicated that he was to take the controls.

The bewildered but quick-witted Stubby responded and Jimmy clambered out of the cockpit and carefully made his way along the wing of the plane. He reached the edge and motioned to his friend to ease the plane lower.

The space between the engine and the plane decreased under Stubby's guiding hand and Jimmy poised himself on the wing tip, waiting for the opportune moment to leap to the top of the cabin beneath him.

The coal-gas and smoke from the stack of the wild monster stifled him. He gritted his teeth and prepared to jump. Either he was going to make it or the morning papers would carry headlines about the horrible disaster of a railroad collision.

"Here goes!" he shouted and dropped from the wing of the plane. He landed on the roof of the cabin and for a breath-taking moment he thought the violent action of the engine would throw him off.

Swiftly, he went down on his hands and knees and crawled back to the rear. He swung down and landed on the floor of the cabin. The unconscious forms of both the engineer and fireman were sprawled over near the side.

Gingerly stepping over them, Jimmy reached the controls. Slowly he shoved the throttle back and then grasped the brake lever. Like an angry metal giant the huge engine roared its disapproval but gradually it lost momentum.

Jimmy finally brought the train to a halt and waved to Stubby who had followed the speeding cars. Stubby waved back and then shot upward and headed back for the airport and assistance.

* * * *

"You did a great job, Jimmy!" said Pop a half hour later in the office of the railroad manager. "It seems that the engineer had a heart attack and when the fireman went to take over his job, the iron door of the furnace swung open and cracked him on the head!"

"It wasn't too tough," said Jimmy. "As a matter of fact, it was just like being in Hollywood again . . . except for one thing."

"And what's that?" one of the group of reporters asked.

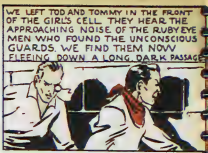
Jimmy smiled. "There weren't any camera's taking the picture and there wasn't a director telling me what to do!"

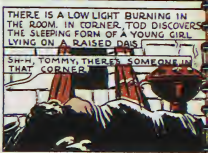
THE END

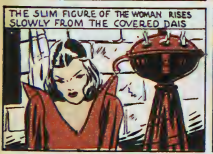
TOD HUNTER

JUNGLE MASTER

by JIM CHAMBERS


WE LEFT TOD AND TOMMY IN THE FRONT OF THE GIRL'S CELL. THEY HEAR THE APPROACHING NOISE OF THE RUBY EYE MEN WHO FOUND THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS. WE FIND THEM NOW FLEEING DOWN A LONG, DARK PASSAGE


THERE IS A LOW LIGHT BURNING IN THE ROOM. IN CORNER, TOD DISCOVERS THE SLEEPING FORM OF A YOUNG GIRL LYING ON A RAISED DAIS.
SHH! TOMMY, THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT CORNER!

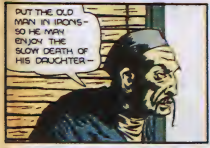


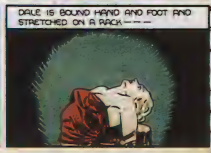
WELL, WE'RE SORRY, YOUR HIGHNESS, BUT WE HAVE OUR OWN PLANS. LET'S GO, TOMMY!
HA! NOT SO FAST, MY HEARTIES! LOOK BEHIND YOU!
INTO IRONS WITH THEM! THEY SHALL SEE THE SACRIFICE TOMORROW.
BLIMEY, TOD, BUT SHE'S A DEVIL!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT GIRL AND ESCAPE, TOMMY!
DAWN— THE GUARDS ARE TAKING TOD AND TOMMY TO THE SACRIFICIAL ROOM.
GOOD NIGHT, TOMMY! THOSE EYES!
I SAY, TOD, HERE COMES THE GIRL NOW!
FLANKED BY TWO SACRIFICIAL PRIESTS, THE GIRL CARRIES HERSELF PROUDLY TO A CERTAIN DEATH!

COURAGE! WELL, SAVE YOU YET BE PREPARED FOR ACTION!
THE EYES OF THE IDOL MOVE AND A DEEP RUMBLING SOUND ROLLS FROM ITS UGLY MOUTH!
LOOK! THE WOODEN GOD TERRIFIES THEM. I BELIEVE THERE IS SOME FIENDISH MIND BEHIND ALL THIS.
ZARA TAKES HER STAND AT THE ALTAR AND CALLS FOR THE GIRL TO BE BADUENT FORWARD
SNATCHING SWORDS FROM THE GUARDS, TOD AND TOMMY SLASH THEIR WAY TO THE ALTAR!
FOLLOW ME!
UNTIE HER WHILE I HOLD THESE FELLOWS OFF
NOW THRU THE DOOR, HURRY!
31

LEAVING TOMMY TO HOLD THEM OFF, TOD AND THE GIRL RUN DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY.
BUT, MY FATHER--
YOUR FATHER!
YES, I AM GAIL DUNCAN AND FATHER AND I WERE SEPARATED FROM OUR PARTY WHEN WE WERE CAPTURED. FATHER IS STILL IN THAT CELL BACK THERE. WE MUST GET HIM.
PERHAPS THIS PASSAGE LEADS BACK TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TEMPLE.
THE PASSAGE OPENS INTO A CIRCULAR ROOM.
HM! SEEMS TO BE AN ARENA OF SOME SORT.
A GRATING DROPS CUTTING OFF THE PASSAGE.
WHAT'S THIS?
TOD, LOOK! THAT PANEL!
ZARA, WHO ESCAPED FROM THE THRONE ROOM, WATCHES THE FATE OF THE PRISONERS.
OH, TOD, A LION!
STAND BACK, GAIL!
TO BE CONTINUED
WILL TOD'S FLINT SWORD SAVE THEM

DALE AND HER FATHER HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED AND TAKEN TO THE MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT OF THE ANCIENT BANDIT CHIEFTAN, DYAN YO, WHO PLANS TO TORTURE AND KILL THEM FOR THE DEATH OF HIS GRANDSON, TSIN LEE – CAPTAIN BREWSTER AND ALI ARE ON THE TRAIL HOPING TO RESCUE THEM—





NOW LIGHT THE FIRE - SOON THE OIL WILL BE BOILING - -
THE RENEGADES WORK THE BELLOWS EAGERLY AND SOON THE OIL IS BOILING HOT - - - -
AT THAT MOMENT DON AND RU ARE SNEAKING THRU THE MOUNTAIN TUNNEL -
A GUARD - TAKE HIM !
GOT HIM. !
ANOTHER - LET HIM HAVE IT !!
QUICKLY ! WE'LL DON THEIR CLOTHES AND THEN STAIN OUR - SELVES WITH THIS FLUID I BROUGHT ALONG - - -
DON'T FORGET THE TRANSPAR - ENT TAPE FOR YOUR EYES CAPTAIN -
GOOD ! WE LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF LAUNDRY MEN NOW -
NOW TO FIND THEM - - -
2.
THE PAGODA - THEY MUST BE IN THERE -
WE'LL SOON SEE !
TO BE CONTINUED -

GOOFO THE GREAT BY ALGER
Y'SEE, ARCHER, I HAFTA LOOK BY MY WITS - HAFTA THINK AHEAD O' THE OTHER FELLOW!
YEAH!
I'LL GO RITE UP AND GET TH' MONEY!
THE BILL MUST BE PAID TODAY!
THAT COLLECTOR WILL RUSH TO TH' BACK DOOR - SO I'LL LEAVE BY TH' FRONT ONE - UNRECOGNIZED! HE DOESN'T EXPECT ME TO LEAVE BY TH' SAME DOOR I ENTERED!
Y'SEE IT'S ALL A MATTER O' FIGGERIN' THE OTHER FELLOW'S THOUGHTS!
I'LL JUST CAMP HERE BY THE FRONT DOOR!
- ON SECOND THOUGHT, NOW THAT I'VE PASSED BY TH' FRONT STEPS, I THINK I'LL LEAVE FROM TH' BANK!
HA-AHEM! HOW MUCH IS TH' BILL?

SPORTETTES

IT WAS IN THE SERIES OF 1926 BETWEEN THE NY. YANKEES AND THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS - BABE RUTH THE FIRST TIME UP FANNED AND THE BLEACHERITES GAVE HIM THE OLD RAUNS CHEER THE NEXT TIME UP RUTH POINTED TOWARDS THE STANDS AND SLAMMED A HOMER INTO THAT SPOT AFTER HE HAD DONE IT 3 STRAIGHT TIMES. THE RAUS RECEIVED A GREAT AND SINCERE TRIBUTE OF LOVE FOR ONE OF THE GREATEST OUTDOOR A PLAYER EVER RECEIVED —

MAN O'WAR

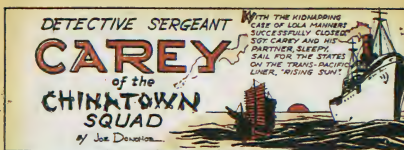
"BIG RED" HAS PASSED HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY AND IS THE FATHER OF 378 CHILDREN, WHO HAVE WON ALMOST $3,000,000. AS RUSSELL WAS ADMIRAL BATTLESHIP AND CRUSADER WERE HIS STARS.

Scrapbook of Sport Stars

BORN IN OMAHA, NEB. FEBRUARY 11, 1905
STANDS 6FT 1 IN. WEIGHS 202 LBS. AND HAS A MAGNIFICENT BUILD. WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1934 FROM CANADA AND LOST IT TO BRADDOCK IN '35.
MAX
-BAER-
THE MADCAP BRAWLER IS BACK IN THE PISTIC SPOTLIGHT AFTER HIS DECISION OVER TONY FARR. MAX IS DETERMINED TO MAKE $100,000 FOR THE SAKE OF LITTLE MAX BAER, JR.
BARBARA JEAN BAER

ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT HAS PLAYED IN 9 POLO GAMES IN A SINGLE GAME (1915)

IN CARICATURE
SIXTO ESCOBAR
THE TINY CHAMP OF THE BANTAM WEIGHTS LUCKY NUMBER IS 13


DETECTIVE SERGEANT
CAREY
of the
CHINATOWN
SQUAD
By Joe Donahue
WITH THE KIDNAPPING CASE OF LOLA MONROE SUCCESSFULLY CLOSED, SGT. CAREY AND HIS PARTNER, SLEEPY, SAIL FOR THE STATES ON THE TRANS-PACIFIC LINER, "RISING SUN."

HEY SLEEPY! I JUST GOT A RADIO!
I KNEW SOMETHIN' WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN!
IT'S FROM THE FRISCO POLICE! THEY HAVE A TIP THAT THERE'S A MILLION DOLLAR DOPE SHIPMENT ABOARD THIS BOAT, SLATED TO BE SMUGGLED INTO THE STATES! IT'S THE MOST DANGEROUS DOPE RING THEY'VE HAD TO COPE WITH!
AS THE ONLY LAW OFFICERS ABOARD, THEY WANT US TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN! THE PASSENGERS DON'T KNOW WE'RE DETECTIVES—WE'LL ACT LIKE ORDINARY TOURISTS—
GOSH, IT WOULD SURE BE SWELL IF WE COULD BREAK THIS CASE!
THANKS FOR LETTING ME LOOK AT THE PASSENGER LIST—NO LEAD THERE, NOT ONE SUSPECT!
PURSER
ANYTHING FURTHER I CAN DO, LET ME KNOW!
PSSSST! SARGE! IT'S ME! DISGUISED AS A "TOURIST"
SLEEPY! GET TO THE CABIN AND GET RID OF THAT GOOFY GET-UP!
WAIT! WHAT WAS THAT?
I'M THROUGH WITH THIS CROOKED BUSINESS! IT'S TOO RISKY!
YOU'LL DO IT OR ELSE!

OH!
H-MMM! EAVESDROPPERS!
WELL, SLEEPY, THE RAT IS ON! WE'VE SPOTTED THEM AND THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
YEAH, BUT WE'RE STILL AHEAD - THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE COPS!
NOW, MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE THIS OUT! OLD WHISKERS IS LISTED AS DOCTOR MANCHESTER KNIGHT - HE'S TENDING A VERY SICK PATIENT IN THE NEXT CABIN! YOU BETTER GO THROUGH HIS LUGGAGE WHILE THEY'RE AT DINNER!
YOU ARE NEEDLESSLY ALARMED - MY PLANS CAN'T MISCARRY!
BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE OF A SLIP!
I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING!
PLEASE, MISTER! I'M A FOURTH OFFENDER! IF YOU TURN ME IN IT'LL MEAN A LIFE STRETCH! PLEASE HAVE MERCY!
I'M INCLINED TO BE LENIENT WITH YOU, JAILBIRD! LATER I MAY CALL ON YOU FOR A FAVOR - YOU HAD BETTER BE READY TO DO IT!
SORRY I HAD TO LEAVE YOU IN THE LURCH - BUT I HAD TO FOLLOW THE WOMAN!
I GOT OUT OF THE SPOT AND INTO A BETTER ONE! HE'S OUR MAN, ALRIGHT!

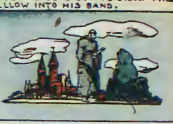
I TAILED THE WOMAN TO THE BOAT DECK—A MAN IN UNIFORM WAS WAITING FOR HER—HE SLIPPED HER A PACKAGE, AND SHE HURRIED TO THE CABIN OF THE RICH MAN! THE STUFF MUST BE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE BELOW!
AND THEY'RE BRINGING IT UP IN SMALL QUANTITIES! THE DOCTOR THINKS I'M A CROOK!
I'VE JUST CHECKED WITH THE STEWARD—THAT MAN IS REALLY ILL WITH SOME TROPICAL DISEASE! HE WAS CARRIED ABOARD AND HASTILY LEFT HIS BED SINCE WE SAILED
THE WHOLE THING DOESN'T FIT TOGETHER—WE MAY BE ALL WRONG!
IF WE COULD ONLY FIND OUT WHAT THAT PACKAGE CONTAINED, WE'D HAVE SOME PROOF THAT WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF CONFIRMING OUR SUSPICIONS! IT'S A RISK, BUT WE'LL TRY IT!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT
SLEEPY, YOU GO HIDE YOURSELF ON THE BOAT DECK. I MAY NEED YOU!
THIS IS THE SAME HOUR THE GIRL WENT UP THE LAST NIGHT—HOPE WE HAVE TIME TO PULL THIS STUNT!
COME, MAN—I HAND IT OVER QUICKLY!!
ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE, DOC!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? REACH FOR THE SKY!
FALSE BEARD!
HERE, HERE! STOP THE FIGHT!
NO—YOU DON'T, WHISKERS!
SO, INSTEAD OF THEM WE'RE STUCK IN THIS SEA-GOING CALABOOSE! EVEN THE CAPTAIN THINKS WE'RE CROOKS!
NO, THE CAPTAIN'S WISE—BUT THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE THE DOC THINK IT'S SAFE TO GO THROUGH WITH HIS PLANS!

THAT SICK MAN HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE DOCTOR'S PLANS FOR GETTING THE DOPE THROUGH THE CUSTOMS! BUT, WHAT? WHERE DOES HE FIT IN?
I'D BETTER THINK FAST! WE DOCK TOMORROW MORNING!
MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN LOWELL, SIR! THE PATIENT OF DOCTOR KNIGHT HAS DIED!
GOSH! THEN THAT WHOLE LAYOUT WAS GERMINE! OUR WHOLE CASE HAS GONE UP IN SMOKE, SABRE! WHAT A FLOP WE MADE THIS TIME!
DID YOU SAY A FLOP?
I'VE GOT IT!
WHAT A FOOL I WAS! WE MUST SEND A RADIO TO INSPECTOR FOSTER IN FRISCO IMMEDIATELY!
WE'RE DOCKING, BUT I PROMISED THE CAPTAIN WE'D STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE DOCTOR LANDED!
I HOPE INSPECTOR FOSTER AND HIS MEN ARE ON THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE!
YES, SERGEANT, WE'VE COLLARED THE DOCTOR, BUT WE CAN'T FIND A THING ON HIM! YOUR REQUEST TO OPEN A COFFIN IS A BIT UNUSUAL, I DON'T REALLY THINK WE
INSPECTOR FOSTER! IF YOU'LL JUST OPEN IT TWO INCHES—?
THERE'S YOUR TWO INCHES, BUT I DON'T SEE—
HERE GOES!
PEPPER!
OH! AAHH-CHOO! I'M BLINDED!
WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE GANG! IT WAS THE CLEVEREST DETECTIVE WORK I'VE EVER SEEN!
MORE A HUNCH THAN ANYTHING ELSE - BUT WHEN I HEARD THE DOAN HAD DIED - THE WHOLE PICTURE FITTED TOGETHER! A LITTLE PEPPER PROVED MY THEORY AND HELPED PUT THESE BIRDS WHERE THEY BELONG - IN A CAGE!

Robin Hood

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN

ROBIN HOOD HEARS ABOUT THE STOUT PRIEST OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY. IMMEDIATELY HE SETS OUT TO DRAW THIS FELLOW INTO HIS BAND.



ROBIN RIDES INTO THE BEAUTIFUL DALE WHERE FOUNTAINS ABBEY STANDS.

TYING HIS HORSE TO A TREE, ROBIN APPROACHES THE FRIAR.

PROMPTLY ROBIN TESTS THE HOLY MAN'S TEMPER AND COURAGE.

NAY, I SEEK NEITHER THY LIFE OR MONEY. BUT I WOULD CROSS THIS FORD DRY SHOD. THEREFORE GOOD FRIAR, CARRY ME OVER.

THOU SCURVY KNAVE! THOU WILL ASK THE HOLY TUCK TO CARRY THEE?

BUT A MOMENT LATER THE PRIEST CHANGES HIS ATTITUDE.

COME, CLIMB UP SIR — I WILL BE HUMBLE AND FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER WHO CARRIED THE STRANGER ACROSS THE RIVER.

SAFELY ACROSS THE FORD ROBIN LEAPS DOWN NIMBLY.

BUT SUDDENLY THE PRIEST DRAWS ROBIN, PRESSING A DAGGER TO HIS THROAT.

BUT WHAT JUST THEN ABOUT

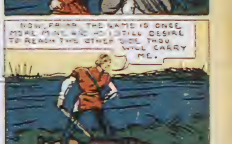
THERE IS NO DODGING THE MENACING PRIEST SO ROBIN IS OBLIGED TO CARRY HIM BACK OVER THE STREAM.

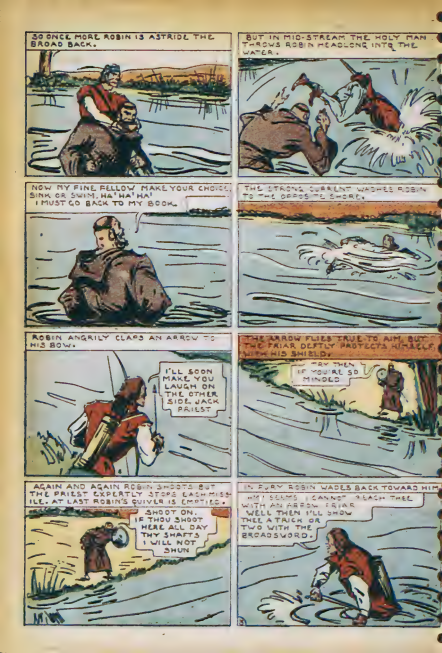
ROBBING? MUSING THE FORD, STAGGERS UNSTEADILY.

REACHING SHORE THE FRIAR SPRINGS LIGHTLY DOWN, BUT ROBIN - -

CATCHING HIM BY THE ANKLE THE BURLY FRIAR FALLS WITH A BANG.

NOW, FRIAR, THE GAME IS ONCE MORE MINE, AND WITH DESIRE TO REACH THE OTHER SIDE THOU WILL CARRY ME.




SO ONCE MORE ROBIN IS ASTRIDE THE BROAD BACK.
BUT IN MID-STREAM THE HOLY MAN THROWS ROBIN HEADLONG INTO THE WATER.
NOW MY FINE FELLOW MAKE YOUR CHOICE; SINK OR SWIM, HA! HA! HA! I MUST GO BACK TO MY BOOK.
THE STRONG CURRENT WASHES ROBIN TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE.
ROBIN ANGRILY DRAWS AN ARROW TO HIS BOW.
I'LL SOON MAKE YOU LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE, JACK FRIAR!
THE ARROW FLIES TRUE TO AIM, BUT THE FRIAR DEFTLY PROTECTS HIMSELF WITH HIS SHIELD.
NOW THEN IF YOU'RE SO MINDED
AGAIN AND AGAIN ROBIN SHOOTS BUT THE FRIAR EXPERTLY STOPS EACH MISSILE. AT LAST ROBIN'S QUIVER IS EMPTIED.
SHOOT ON, IF THOU SHOOT HERE ALL DAY THY SHAFTS I WILL NOT SHUN
IN FURY ROBIN WADES BACK TOWARD HIM.
MY! SELMS, I CANNOT REACH THEE WITH AN ARROW, FRIAR. WELL THEN I'LL SHOW THEE A TRICK OR TWO WITH THE BROADSWORD.

THE FRIAR, SEEING ROBIN MEANS BUSINESS HURRIEDLY PREPARES FOR THE ATTACK.
SCRAMBLING UP THE BANK ROBIN RUSHES UPON HIS OPPONENT.
THE BROADSWORDS GLITTER AND FLASH IN THE SUNLIGHT AS THE COMBATANTS ARE FORCED IN AND OUT OF THE WATER.
AT LAST BOTH ARE WEARY OF THE FRAY.
A TRUCE, I BEG, BOLD FRIEND
WHAT, DOST THOU ASK PEACE?
YES, WOULD THY SWORD UNTIL I BLOW THREE BLASTS UPON MY HORN
BLOW THEN I DO NOT FEAR THEE, PROVIDED THOU LET ME BLOW THRICE UPON THIS WHISTLE
AS ROBIN'S LAST BLAST ECHOS AWAY SEVERAL MEN WITH BENT STRUNG RACE TOWARD HIM.
WHO ARE THESE MEN WHO COME SO QUICKLY?
THEY ARE MY MEN WHO HASTEN TO MY AID.

HA, TRAITER. THEN LOOK TO THYSELF WHILE I BLOW UPON THIS HAWK'S WHISTLE

AS HE BLOWS HIS SHRILL WHISTLE FOUR POWERFUL HOUNDS COME BOUNDING TO THE SCENE.

SIC 'IM FANGS AT IM BIG BOY!

FURIOUS, ROBIN LEGS IT FOR A BIG TREE

QUICKLY HE CLIMBS INTO IT'S PROTECTING BRANCHES AS THE ANGRY DOGS LEAP AND SNAP AT HIS HEELS.
COME, BELL THE CAT, COME HOUNDS THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE AT 'EM.

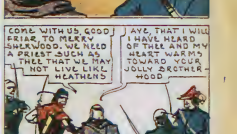
THE HOUNDS SPEED FORWARD, FOUR ARROWS ARE LOOSED, EACH DOG LEAPS ASIDE AND THE FOUR DEADLY MISSILES FLY HARMLESSLY BY.

OUR STEPS WILL SCARLET TO HELP THE SNARLING DOGS.

THE FOUR FERACIOUS HOUNDS LEAP AROUND WILL SCARLET JOYOUSLY.

WHY, IT IS MASTER GAMEWELL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN SUCH COMPANY?
I AM ONE OF THEM NOW AND MY NAME HAS CHANGED TO WILL SCARLET. YOU MUST HAVE HEARD OF MY MISFORTUNE, BUT ENOUGH OF THIS ROBIN HOOD WHO HAS COME TO SEEK THEE.

ONE BY ONE THE OTHERS ARE PRESENTED TO THE CURTAIL FRIAR.


COME WITH US GOOD FRIAR, TO MERRY SHERWOOD. WE NEED A PRIEST SUCH AS THEE, THAT WE MAY NOT LIVE LIKE HEATHENS
AYE, THAT I WILL. I HAVE HEARD OF THEE AND MY HEART WARMS TOWARD YOUR JOLLY BROTHERHOOD

TRULY, HOLY FATHER, I'M THANKFUL WILL SCARLET KNEW THEE, AND THY DOGS FOR I FELT MY HEART TUMBLE WITHIN ME AND MY AIM MISSED.

THOU MAYST INDEED BE THANKFUL, FRIEND. IT TAKES MORE THAN A MAN TO WITHSTAND THESE BEASTS.

SO OFF TO THE GREENWOOD GO THE MERRY COMPANY AND THEIR NEW FORMIDABLE COMPANION.

RUSTY

AND HIS PALS...

RUSTY AND HIS PALS HAD JUST BEEN MARCHED OUT TO SEA ON THEIR FIRST WORK-PARTY WHEN THEY SPOTTED A STRANGE OBJECT BARELY AWASH OFF THE STARBOARD BOW. THEY HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT IT WAS A JAPANESE MIDGET SUBMARINE, BUT THEY WERE SOON TO FIND OUT!

WELL, BLAST ME—HE'S REALLY SUNKEN OUR SHIP! THAT'S—

CRACK!

WHAT'S THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT—HOME!

OVER YOU GO, MEN—THE SHIP IS DOOMED—YOU CAN BE KILLED!

SUPERB! SEA-DOGS LIKE THESE HIGH-SPIRITED LADS—NOT TO MENTION THE MEN BELOW!

THANKS TO YOUNG FRIEND CAPTAIN HUSTLER OF STEAM-JET ON TRIUMPH—

OUT OF MY WAY—YOU YOUNG LUBBER—I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE!

WAKE UP, CAPTAIN! THE BUCKET NEEDS ME UP!
PUNCH WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED BY SEA BANDITS. YOU'D BETTER WARN THE KIDS. I'LL ROUND UP THE REST OF THE CREW!
HEY! WAKE UP, YOU NOW... JUMP! YOU'RE DUSTERS. BUT WHAT'S WRONG? IT—SOMETHING HAPPENED!
—SCOSH—SCOSH—THE WATER STINGS!
HA! WAS I DREAMING? OR IS THE WATER STINGS?
LISTEN—SOME MEN WILL TAKE OVER THE SHIP AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'LL ABOUT YOU KEEP QUIET, OKAY?
MARGOT, GO AND HIDE OUT WITH CAPTAIN AND SEBA.
FIRST WE HANDCUFFED, NOW IN A CAGE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING AROUND HERE?
GET YOUR HANDS UP! YOU AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE!
EPAULETS?
HAH! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!
OH—SO YOU WANT TO GO AGAIN? OK! I'LL HELP THIS TIME!
I'VE BEEN A MAN OF FEW WORDS FOR A LONG TIME—SINCE I WAS A CHILD! BUT NOW I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'LL TAKE YOU ON!
WELL, I'M THROWING IT UP AGAIN! I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE STRENGTH TO GIVE YOU A BEATING!
YES, MONSIEUR CAPTAIN, SIR!

AHH, BOY STEVE! THAT'S SHOWING 'EM, MOTHER BIT!
MEAN I THOUGHT STEVE WAS A GONNER FOR A MINUTE!
DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH KNIVES, YOU MIGHT HURT SOMEBODY, YOURSELF!
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH THIS SO-CALLED STEVE'S BEEN DOING SOMETHING UP AHEAD!
WHAT'S GOOD LIKE I'VE BROKEN HIS NECK! HAW!
WELCOME IN FRIENDSHIP TO A CAPTIVE! TRAITOR! OR BUT UNDOUBTEDLY DOOMED! SOON YOU WILL HAVE JOINED ME IN DEATH!
HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE BIG GUY'S WHO HE SAID YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?
IT'S TRUE! THE PROFESSOR KILLED THE CAPTAIN! HOW DARE YOU DO SUCH A CRIME, UNGRATEFUL ONE!
YOU TWO GET AND SEARCH FOR MEN AND WOMEN!
AYE, SIR!
THERE! NOW ANYBODY COMING HERE MUST STEP ACROSS THOSE KNIVES AND WE'LL HEAR 'EM!
NOW YOU LOOK AROUND OVER HERE!
THE END
OUR FRIENDS SEEM TO BE BOTTOM OF THE HEAP! BUT WHAT ARE THE CHANCES AHEAD? WILL THEY BE DISCOVERED BY THESE TREACHEROUS MUTINEERS?

THE GOLDEN DRAGON

by tom mickey

IN FIFTEEN MINUTES THE ENTIRE COLUMN WAS IN SHAPE TO MOVE OUT OF THE BREARY MONASTERY.

BOY! I'M SURE GLAD TO SHAKE THE DUST OF THIS PLACE OFF MY HEELS. IT SURE HAS BEEN A JINX.

THE GREAT, FAWN-COLORED RACING CAMELS THEY HAD CRUTCHED WERE BROUGHT OUT.

THIS IS LIKE BEING ON TOP OF A ROLLER COASTER.

BUT NONE OF THE MAIN PARTY ELECTED TO RIDE THEM EXCEPT LEE PAN CHI & ROLLO DANIELS.

THE GATES WERE FLUNG OPEN AND THE COSSACK ADVANCE GUARD TROTTED THRU, FOLLOWED BY IAN AND THE REST OF THE CARAVAN.

THE CLATTERING OF THE CAMELS' FEET ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED FROM THE WALLS.

THE TING-A-LING, TING-A-LING OF THE CAMEL BELLS BEGAN THEIR RHYTHMIC MUSIC, AND THERE SOUNDED THE PADDING OF INNUMERABLE FEET AND THE CREAK OF SADDLE GEAR.

WELL MEN, HERE WE ARE, BACK ON THE MAIN CARAVAN TRAIL.

ON TO THE TREASURES OF GENGHIS KHAN!

THE LONG COLUMN FILED THROUGH THE NIGHT UNTIL AT LAST IT STRUCK THE MAIN CARAVAN TRAIL AGAIN AND HEADED ONCE MORE TOWARDS THEIR GOAL.

IAN TURNED AND WAITED UNTIL THE COLUMN WAS WELL OUT THE SIDE ROAD AFTER WHICH HE STARTED ONCE MORE TO THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN.

IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT TRUMPETS BROKE FORTH ON BOTH SIDES - A DEEP-VOICED MUSICAL DAVING COMING OUT OF THE DARK

GOLDEN NOTES THAT HELD A TERRIBLE, SINISTER THREAT FOR THE WHITE MEN AND THEIR PARTY OF TREASURE SEEKERS.

IAN AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE HEARING THE GOLDEN TREASURE OF GENGHIS KHAN NOW, BUT THOSE TRUMPETS TOLD THEM IN UNMISTAKABLE LANGUAGE THAT THEY WOULD NOT LIVE THAT GREAT WEALTH WITHOUT A STRUGGLE. . . . . .

THE BURST OF TRIUMPET MUSIC ENDED AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN, LEAVING AN ACHING SORT OF SILENCE TO SUCCEED IT. IT WAS A STRANGE THING- BUT NOT A SINGLE MAN MADE COMMENT UPON THE WEIRD SOUND.

THIS EXPEDITION IS CERTAINLY NO PLACE FOR A REST CURE, EH REILLY ?

IAN GLANCED BACK AT DORIS. SHE LOOKED ABOUT ALL IN, AS HE WITCHED SHE NODDED IN THE SADDLE.

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP FOR ANOTHER HALF HOUR DORIS. IT WILL BE DAWN THEN, WE'LL STOP AND HAVE BREAKFAST AND YOU CAN GRAB A FEW WINKS.

SHE ROUSED HERSELF AND SMILED GAMELY AS IAN PULLED UP ALONG SIDE.

FINALLY A ROSY GLOW LOW DOWN ON THE HORIZON HERALDED THE BREAK OF DAY. THEY HAILED FOR BREAKFAST BESIDE TRAIN WELL 3 AND BUILT THEIR COOKFIRE UNDER A ROCKY HILL.
AN UNKNOWN FIGURE, LOOKED UPON THE CAMP FROM AN ADJACENT HILL.
THE WHITE MEN OF THE PARTY FORMED A LITTLE CIRCLE AND ATE TOGETHER. AS IAN SAT DOWN NEXT TO DORIS HE SAW THAT HER EYES WERE DEADLY FROM LACK OF SLEEP.
HE HAD A GREAT DEAL OF ADMIRATION FOR THE PLUCK OF THIS GIRL WHO BORE SUCH GREAT TRIALS WITH SO LITTLE COMPLAINT.
AS THEY FINISHED THE FRUGAL MEAL, THE OTHER MEN LEFT THE FIRE TO SNATCH A FEW MINUTES' SLUMBER. BUT IAN REMAINED ON, BEING IN TRUTH TOO TIRED TO MOVE.
IAN MUST HAVE DOZED OFF HIMSELF, FOR THE NEXT THING HE KNEW COCKEREL WAS STANDING OVER THEM, A SCOWL ON HIS FACE.
IT'S TIME TO BE STEPPING OUT.
AS HE SAT THERE RESTING AGAINST A ROCK, HE SAW DORIS NOD SEVERAL TIMES. SUDDENLY SHE WAS LEANING AGAINST HIM, HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER, AND IN ANOTHER SECOND SHE WAS OFF IN A DEEP SLUMBER.
3

A LITTLE CONFUSED, IAN LOOKED UP TO FIND THE CAMELS PACKED AND THE REST OF THE PARTY READY AND WAITING, WHILE DORIS SLEPT PEACEFULLY ON HIS SHOULDER LIKE A CHILD.

HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, AFTER YOUR BRIEF BIT OF MAL DE MER?

ABOUT TEN YEARS YOUNGER AND I'LL BET I LOOK IT.

VERY GENTLY HE WAKED HER AND AIDED HER TO MOUNT AND ONCE MORE THEY SET OUT ON THEIR WAY.

AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL DAY THEY MADE CAMP LATE THAT NIGHT NEAR A DESOLATE MARSH.

THERE GO THOSE DAMN TRUMPETS AGAIN. I WONDER WHAT'S BACK OF IT ALL?

BUT THEY WEREN'T DESTINED TO HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST FOR AT MIDNIGHT THE MYSTERIOUS TRUMPETS SPRANG FORTH AGAIN AND THIS TIME THERE SEEMED TO BE A WHOLE CHORUS.

THEIR CLAMOR BURST FORTH TONIGHT AND LEFT, BEFORE AND BEHIND, UNTIL THE CAMP WAS SURROUNDED BY THE UNEARTHLY MUSIC. FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE TOUR BEGAN THE STOLID INDIFFERENCE OF THE CHINESE CAMEL MEN DISAPPEARED, AND THEY CROUCHED BY THEIR FIRES IN ABJECT FEAR.

THEY HAD EVEN TO BE FORCED WITH LEVELED RIFLES TO WATER AND TEND THEIR ANIMALS.

THIS TRUMPET STUFF IS BAD MEDICINE. WHAT DO YOU SAY, TEDDY - LET'S TAKE A COUPLE OF GUNS AND GO SCOUTING.

ANYTHING YOU SAY, IAN.

SO QUIETLY DID THEY SLIDE OUT FROM THE CIRCLE OF THE CAMPFIRE, THAT VERY FEW OF THE PARTY NOTICED THEIR DEPARTURE.

THE MAIN BURSTS OF TRUMPET MUSIC CAME FROM A POINT ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MARSH. A TRAIL WHICH PROVIDED FIRM FOOTING LED THROUGH THE SOGGY GROUND DOWN TO THE LITTLE STREAM.
THIS IS THE TRAIL USED BY THE CAMEL MEN FOR WATERING THEIR ANIMALS SO IT IS CLOSEST TO MOST LEAD UP ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREAM, THROUGH THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MARSH, TO FIRM GROUND AGAIN ON THE HILL BEYOND.
THEY SEEM TO BE A LITTLE TO THE NORTH WEST NOW.
SO IAN AND JEELLY MADE THEIR WAY ALONG IT, PAUSING OFTEN TO LOCATE THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPETS WHICH CAME AT INTERVALS OF SOME FIVE OR SIX MINUTES BETWEEN EACH BLAST.
MEANWHILE — COCKERILL HAD SEEN THE TWO MEN LEAVE THE CIRCLE OF THE FITNER. HE TURNED TO DORIS WITH A SNEER.
THERE GOES SIR GALAHAD, YOU'RE A SWELL PAIR, YOU ARE. HE BEARS ME LECTURES ABOUT BEHAVING MYSELF, AND YOU CLAW AND SCRATCH LIKE A TIGER WHEN I TRY TO GIVE YOU A FRIENDLY KISS. THEN I COME ALONG AND FIND YOU TWO PLAYING COZY.
MISTER COCKERILL! YOU GIVE ME A LARGE PAIN IN THE NECK!
AW, BABY, I WISH YOU'D STOP TALKING THAT WAY. YOU KNOW I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU.
THE OTHERS HAD LEFT THE TO GO ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS DUTIES, AND DORIS AND COCKERILL HAD THE PLACE TO THEMSELVES. . . .
STOP! LET ME GO!
NOW DON'T TRY ANY OF THAT STUFF ON ME! YOU CAN PULL ALL THE WOOL YOU WANT OVER MURPHY'S EYES, BUT YOU CAN'T KID AROUND WITH ME.
HE REACHED FOR HER HAND. SHE ATTEMPTED TO DRAG IT AWAY. BUT HIS GRIP TIGHTENED LIKE STEEL ABOUT HER WRIST.
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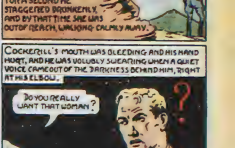
ALL OF A SUDDEN DORIS HAD CEASED STRUGGLING AND THE RESISTANCE SEEMED TO HAVE DIED OUT OF HER.
CockerILL RELAXED HIS TIGHTNESS OF HIS GRIP AND MOVED A LITTLE NEARER.

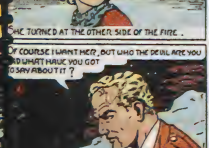
THEN SO SLIGHTLY THAT HE HAD NOT TIME TO PROTECT HIMSELF, SHE BENT DOUBLE LIKE A JACK-KNIFE AND BIT HIS HAND.
OW!

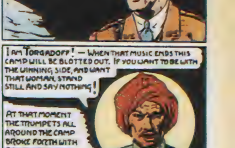
AND BEFORE CockerILL KNEW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT, DORIS HAD DRAWN A COMPACT, HARD LITTLE FIST STRAIGHT INTO HIS NOSE.
SOCK!

FOR A SECOND HE STAGGERED DRUNKENLY AND BY THAT TIME SHE WAS OUT OF REACH, WALKING CALMLY AWAY.

"IF YOU'RE AS WISE AS YOU LIKE, TO BELIEVE ME, CockerILL, YOU'LL STAY AWAY FROM ME BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER AND REALLY HURT YOU.
SHE TURNED AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FIRE.


CockerILL'S MOUTH WAS BLEEDING AND HIS HAND HURT, AND HE WAS VOLUBLY SWEARING WHEN A QUIET VOICE CAME OUT OF THE DARKNESS BEHIND HIM, RIGHT AT HIS ELBOW.
DO YOU REALLY WANT THAT WOMAN?


OF COURSE I WANT HER, BUT WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT IT?


I AM TORGADOFF! — WHEN THAT MUSIC ENDS THIS CAMP WILL BE BLOTTED OUT. IF YOU WANT TO BE WITH THE LIVING, SIDE AND WANT THAT WOMAN, STAND STILL AND SAY NOTHING!
AT THAT MOMENT THE TRUMPETS ALL AROUND THE CAMP BROKE FORTH WITH RENEWED CLAMOR.
THEY SEEMED TO HAVE MULTIPLIED IN NUMBER AND TO HAVE DRAWN IN MORE CLOSELY.
THE MAN'S EYES GLEAMED LIKE A CAT'S IN THE DARK.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE WEST

THE TEXAS RANGERS WERE FIRST ORGANIZED IN THE DAYS OF THE TEXAS REPUBLIC, 100 YEARS AGO. THEY WERE KEPT BUSY FIGHTING COMANCHE INDIANS AND MEXICAN BANDITS FROM BELOW THE RIO GRANDE.

AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, TEXAS WAS OVER-RUN WITH OUTLAWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. AND THE RANGERS WERE RE-ORGANIZED TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION

THEY WERE SO EFFICIENT THAT A SINGLE RANGER WAS OFTEN SENT INTO A TOWN TO QUELL A RIOT OR PREVENT A LYNCHING.

IN MORE RECENT YEARS, ONE OF THE CHIEF DUTIES OF THE RANGERS HAS BEEN TO ENFORCE THE LAW IN THE WILD "BOOM TOWNS" OF THE TEXAS OIL FIELDS.

SOME OF THESE TOWNS BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES OF THE OLD DAYS OF THE WILD WEST.

IN THE OLD DAYS OF THE OPEN RANGE AND SCATTERED HERDS, CATTLE RUSTLING WAS EASY AND TEMPTING. MANY WEALTHY RANCHMEN, WHO GOT THEIR START IN THAT MANNER, LATER DEALT OUT GRIM JUSTICE TO OTHER RUSTLERS.

MOST BRANDS COULD BE CHANGED TO ANOTHER ONE BY ADDING A FEW LINES WITH A HOT "RUNNING-IRON."

CATTLE RUSTLING IS STILL COMMON IN THE WEST OF TODAY, BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY. THE CATTLE ARE BUTCHERED ON THE RANGE, LOADED ON MOTOR TRUCKS, AND THE BEEF SOLD MANY MILES DISTANT, OFTEN IN ANOTHER STATE.

JK

JK BAR CAN BECOME "OK IN A BOX"

OK

THE STORY OF LANDMARKS AND HIGHWAYS
MANY OF OUR MODERN HIGHWAYS FOLLOW ROUTES FIRST SCRATCHED BY THE SWIFT, BUT EFFICIENT MOVING VANS OF THE WONDERING RED MAN
THAT AMONG THE FIRST WHITE MEN TO PENETRATE THE WILDERNESS OF OUR GREAT NORTH WEST WERE THE TRAPPERS KNOWN AS THE "TRAIL-BLAZERS" MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO.
THAT MEN STRUGGLED TO SCRATCH A PATH ON THE FACES OF CLIFFS IN "JACK TRAIN" FORMATION EAGERLY SEARCHING REMOTE HILL TOPS FOR SECURITY
DOWN THE STEEP AND NARROW ROADS OXE WAGONS LADEN WITH COLD AND SILVER CALLED "PAY DIRT" MADE A FIRST TRAIL
THE WOLF AND VULTURE TORMENTED THE BUFFALO DAY AND NIGHT AS THEY STROPE ONWARD AND ONWARD IN SEARCH OF WATER, THUS CARVING A CRUDE PATH FROM WHICH MAN DESIGNED THE FIRST ROADS AND OUR MODERN HIGHWAYS
WHERE ONCE THE PONY EXPRESS AND THE COVERED WAGON STRUGGLED AGAINST HARDSHIPS BEAUTIFUL HIGHWAYS STRETCH OUT LIKE RIBBONS OF GRANDEUR

BROADCAST
BROADCAST
World Mike
DELUXE MIKE
25c
BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL
50c
$1.60
MIDGET POCKET RADIO $1.98
Radio & Television Bank
VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE
$1
TELEPHONES 15c PAIR
Hi-Powered Air Pistols
Pocket Radio
Midget Radio
Crystal Radio
Magic Radio
$1.98
$2.49
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$1.49
TAP DANCE
25c
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2 rolls
World's Smallest CANDID CAMERA
Candid Camera
$2.98
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10c
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Live Chameleon
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Live Turtle
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Sweater Emblems & Letters
Jersey YACHT CAPS
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Bull Dog Fish Hooks
THROW YOUR VOICE
THE VENTRILO
GET A VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY!
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JU-JITSU
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Keystone Army Navy Rings
Woman's 2 Initial STUD
Men's 2 Initial RING
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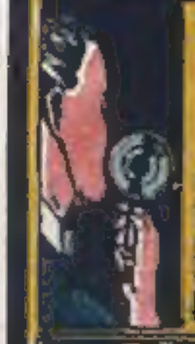
BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY



BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—inject wise cracks, josh and mystify friends. Imitate radio stars, practice crooning, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a "Ben Bernie" or a "Rudy Vallee."

World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a jiffy without tools. Not a toy. Put on your own programs at home, parties, club affairs, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate.

Price Only 25c

DELUXE MIKE

Large, substantial, all-metal mike. Practice radio singing, broadcasting, programs, etc. thru your own radio. Reproduces voice in loud, clear tone without distortion. Regular table model—can be held in hand. Guaranteed.

Price Postpaid **$1.00**

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

REVOLVER STYLE

50c $1.00

Well made and effective. Patterned after latest type of Revolver. Appearance alone will scare a burglar. Takes 22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. Great protection against burglars, tramps, dogs. Have it laying around without the danger attached to other revolvers. Fine for 4th of July, New Years, stage work, starting pistol, etc. Two sizes. Medium 3-in. 50c. Large size $1.00. Blank cartridges 50c per 100. Holster (cowboy type) 50c. Shipped Express Collect.

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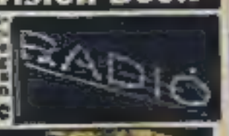
Listen to Music and Sports Everywhere You Go

This amazing midget pocket radio tunes in programs within 25 miles of broadcasting station—even more under favorable conditions—in the country, in bed, at camp, office, etc., etc. ANYWHERE and EVERYWHERE merely connect an aerial and ground wire, attach single or double head phone and tune in. No expense to operate. No static or noise. No batteries, no tubes, no crystal to adjust. Just one moving dial to locate stations.

MIDGET POCKET RADIO. Price **$1.00**

DELUXE MODEL
PRICE $1.95
Built-in phone. 1 unit. Operates like standard model ... **$1.95**

Radio & Television Book



How to build inexpensive crystal sets, electric radios, short wave radios, plans on building television set. With a television set you can SEE and HEAR reception. Price **10c**

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Add 10c for special supplementary course showing how to do latest dances including Susie-Q, Big Apple, Peckin', Truckin', Shag, Peach', Shine, Swing-Ho, Swing-Low. Not sold separately.

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4-Tube Pocket Radio with built-in phone. MUSIC DIRECT FROM RADIO. Beautiful Cathedral tone. Complete in one unit with batteries, tube, switch. Fits in pocket. Listen anywhere with good aerial and ground. Uses ordinary flashlight dry cells. Lasts for months.

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Beautiful midget mantel crystal radio. No batteries, no tubes, no expense. Receives stations within 25 miles. Radio complete with phone, wire for ground and aerial. Ready to use. Sell for desk, bedside, etc. Loud clear tone. Easy to look up. Lasts a lifetime.

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Complete Radio. 22cf Get reception within 25 miles of station. All you need is aerial & phone. Completely assembled & wired. Sensitive crystal. Reception guaranteed. No tubes, no batteries, no expense. Make 2 connections and it's ready.

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Single Earphone 69c

Magic Radio

Covers broadcast band and 190 to 350 mile Reception. Bristol board cabinet, tuning dial, clips, condensers, resistor, hook-up wire, wiring diagrams, RCA tube, etc. Complete kit with tube. Fun and educational to build. Loud reproducer.

Price Postpaid **$1.10**

Single Earphone 69c

All Wave World Wide Radios

Remarkable results—simple operation. Covers 15-600 meters, police, amateur, broadcast, code, short wave, foreign etc. Kit with 1 coil. Tube, phones not included **$2.00**

2-Tube Battery Kit **$2.50**

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Reiner set wired, 75c extra.

TELEPHONES 15c PAIR

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316 Illustrations

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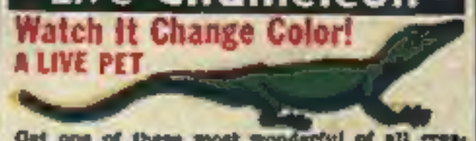
Watch It Change Color!

A LIVE PET



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As soon as some one attempts to turn the dial to tune in his favorite station, a large snake jumps out and even the victim will agree that the reception was good, even if a severe shock. Looks very realistic. Everybody will "tune in" to find out "what's on." Can be used over again.

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Although in size this camera can fit into your watch pocket, vest pocket or palm of hand, it will take some of the finest pictures you have ever seen. Accurately ground lens. Precision built shutter and direct vision view finder insure you of good shots with little difficulty. Takes 8 pictures, size 1/2 x 1/2 in. upon each roll. Can be set for time and instantaneous snapshots, and locked so that no pictures can be taken. Pictures may be enlarged up to 8x10" still retaining an amazing amount of detail. Uses fine grain film that insures good snapshots even under adverse weather conditions.

Film easily removed and inserted. Price ... **$1.25**

Film for above camera. 8 Exposures. Price **10c**

Complete Outfit consisting of Camera, 2 Films and Leather Case. Price Postpaid .. **$1.90**

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Candid Camera

Precision optical instrument in which engineering and mass production have been combined to permit high quality photography at low cost. Fixed focus. 1/25 second shutter, and wide latitude, fast film eliminates exposure problems. Roll takes six pictures. Durex case. 1 1/2x1 1/4 inch pictures.

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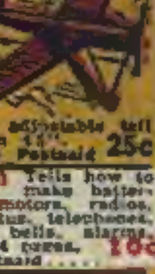

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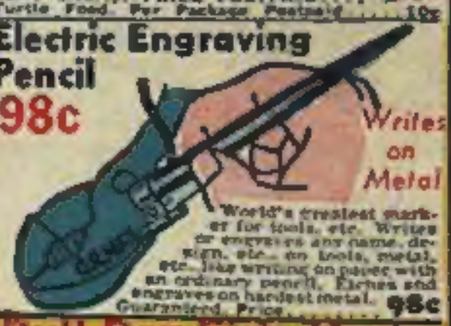

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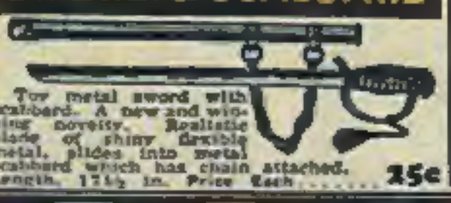

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A swell looking yacht cap. Just the thing for you to wear during the summer. It looks good and it is good. Cool and comfortable. Every cap has a snappy white top with a peak eye shade. Gold braid and brass buttons. Anchor emblem on front of cap. Well made and finished. State size desired.

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$1.35

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Accurate Weather Forecasts at Your Fingertips

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GREAT CURIOSITY! With it you can apparently see the bones in the fingers, lead in a pencil, even the flesh seems transparent. Always ready for use.

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